MARVEL
EYE OF THE PUMA PART ONE
the SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN
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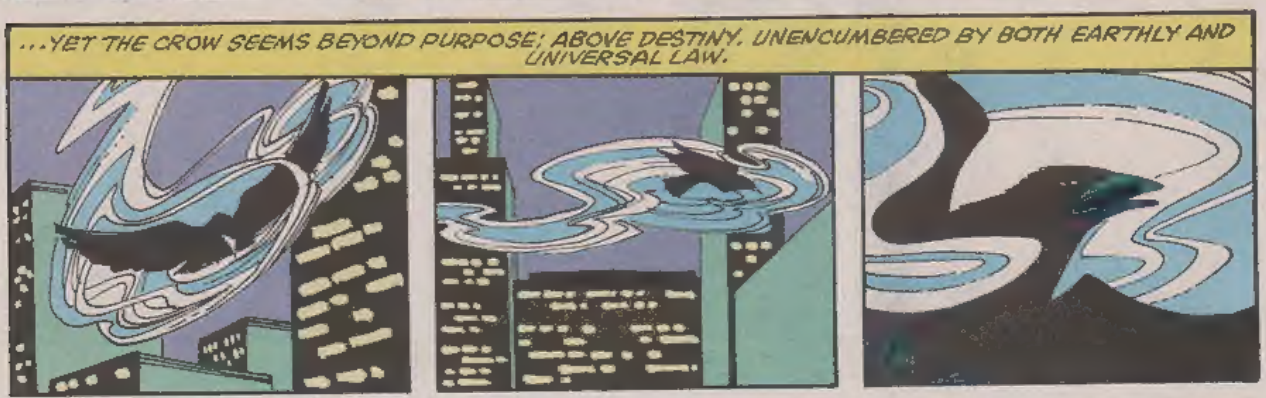
PUMA'S RAGE!
30TH ANNIVERSARY 1962 1992
THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

BITTEN BY A RADIOACTIVE SPIDER, STUDENT PETER PARKER GAINED THE PROPORTIONATE STRENGTH AND AGILITY OF AN ARACHNID! ARMED WITH HIS WONDROUS WEB-SHOOTERS, THE RELUCTANT SUPER HERO STRUGGLES WITH SINISTER SUPER-VILLAINS, MAKING ENDS MEET, AND MAINTAINING SOME SEMBLANCE OF A NORMAL LIFE!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN!™



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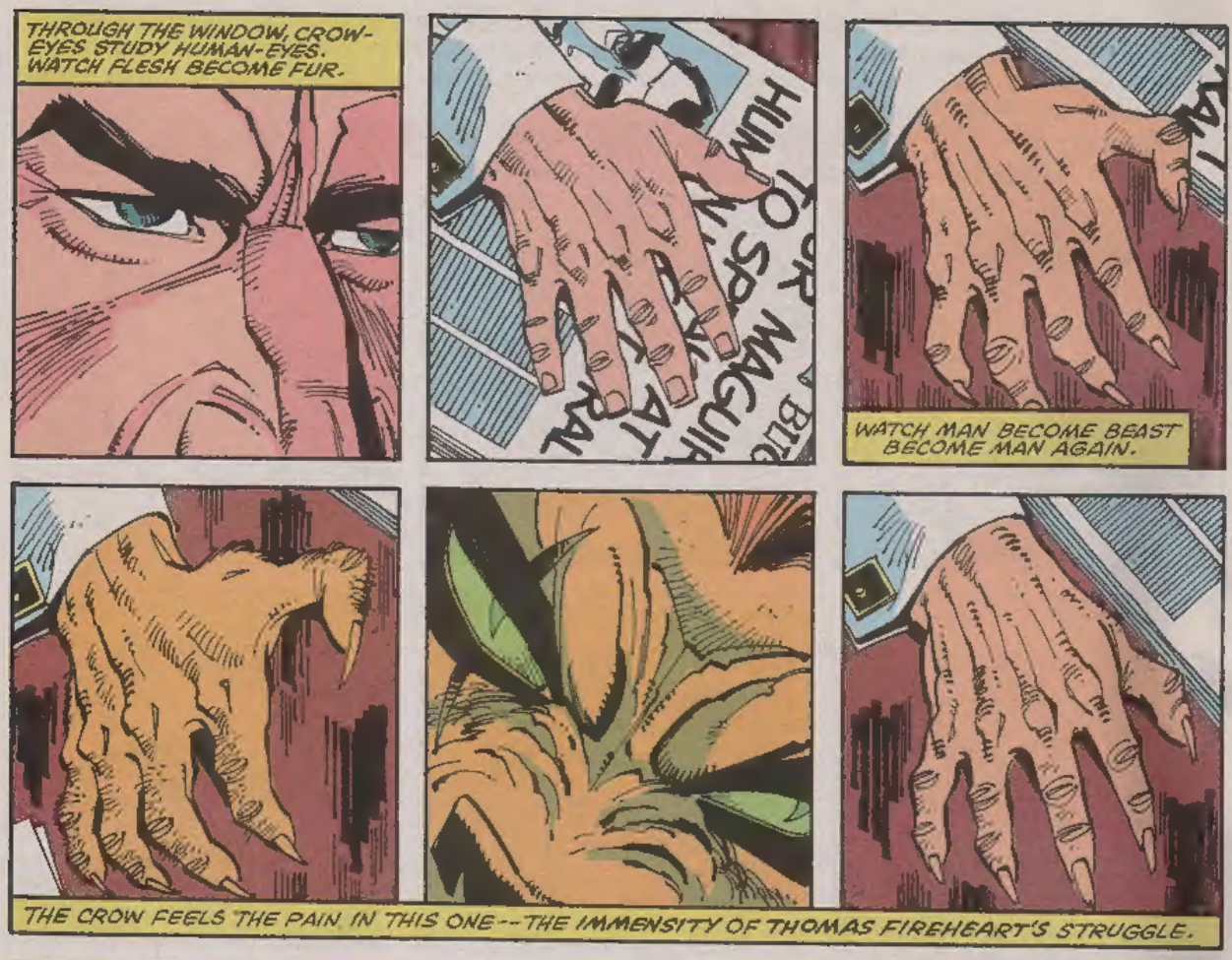
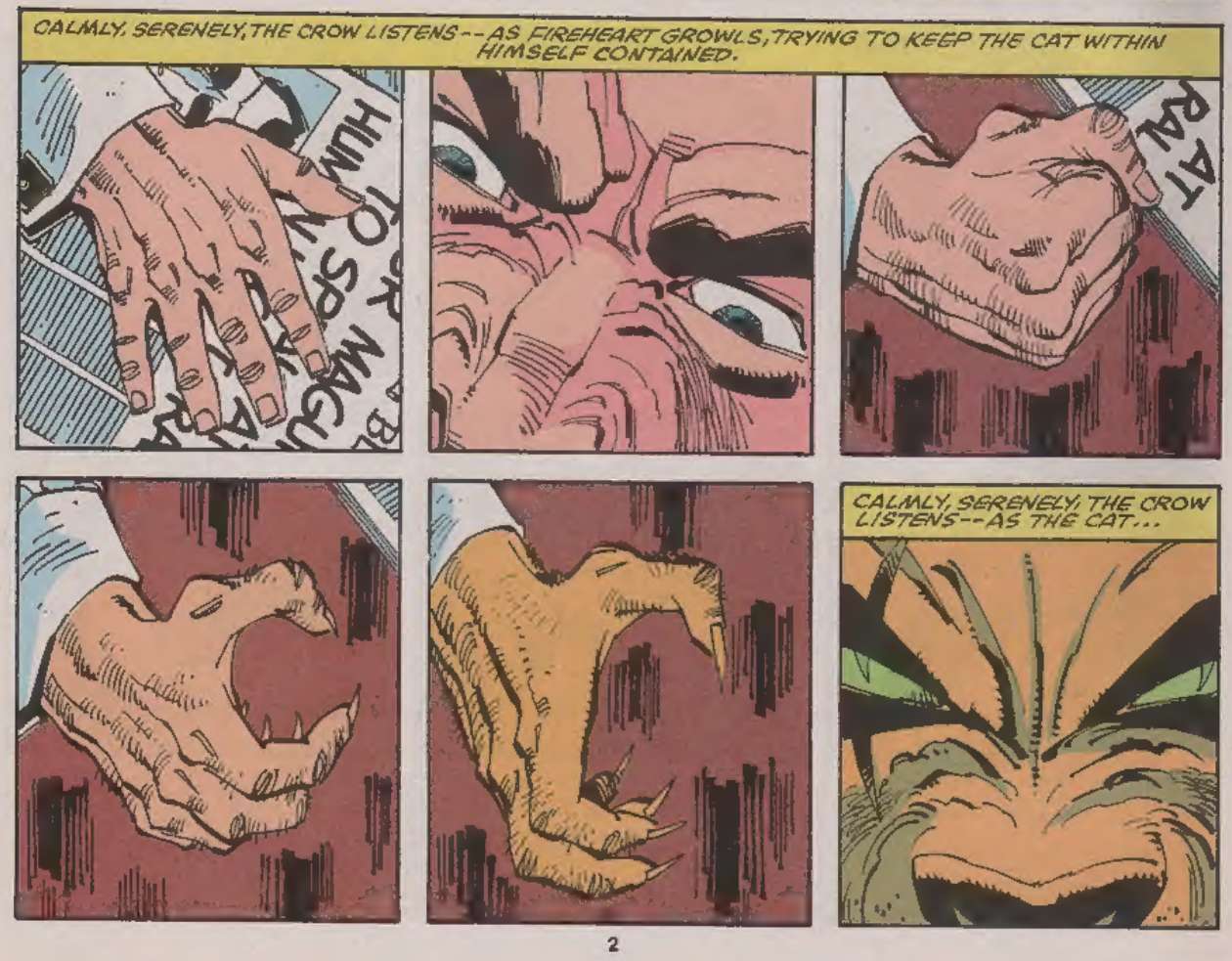

THROUGH THE WINDOW, CROW-EYES STUDY HUMAN-EYES. WATCH FLESH BECOME FUR.
WATCH MAN BECOME BEAST BECOME MAN AGAIN.
THE CROW FEELS THE PAIN IN THIS ONE--THE IMMENSITY OF THOMAS FIREHEART'S STRUGGLE.


CALMLY, SERENELY, THE CROW LISTENS--AS FIREHEART GROWLS, TRYING TO KEEP THE CAT WITHIN HIMSELF CONTAINED.
CALMLY, SERENELY, THE CROW LISTENS--AS THE CAT...

--- GROWLS BACK.
RARRRGHHH!
DAILY BUGLE
SENATOR MAGUIRE TO SPEAK AT HUMAN RIGHTS RALLY
EYE OF THE PUMA
PART ONE
The Valley
J.M. DeMATTEIS WRITER
SAL BUSCEMA ARTIST
JOE ROSEN LETTERER
BOB SHAREN COLORIST
DANNY FINGEROTH EDITOR
TOM DeFALCO EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

THE CAT HAS SEIZED THE MAN; DEVOURED HIM. TRAPPED IN ITS BELLY, THOMAS FIREHEART HAS NO RECOURSE BUT TO SURRENDER...
...AND LET THE CAT...THE PUMA... HAVE ITS WAY.
PUMA ROARS AND LEAPS; CLAWS AND DESTROYS. EXULTS IN ITS POWER.
THEN, SNIFFING THE AIR, HACKLES RISING, PUMA TURNS.
PREY. THE CAT THINKS. NO. MORE THAN PREY.
MY CHALLENGE.
KRASSH!
MY ENEMY.
THERE'S NO RESISTANCE AS PUMA SNATCHES THE CROW, READY TO SWALLOW IT AS EASILY AS IT SWALLOWED THE MAN.

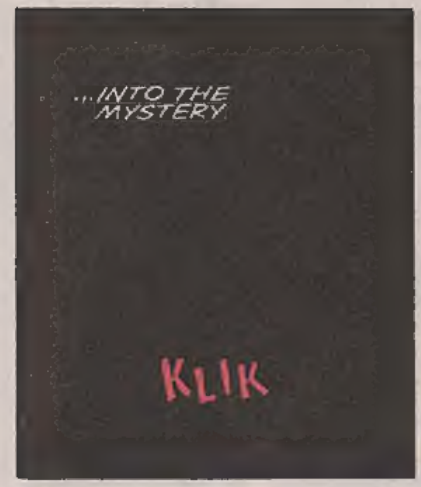
I'VE FELT YOU, THE CAT'S EYES SAY, WATCHING ME... HAUNTING ME... THESE PAST WEEKS.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT, CROW-- BUT I KNOW YOU'LL NEVER

WHEN THOMAS FIREHEART FINDS HIMSELF--SHIVERING, HALF-NAKED--ON THE FLOOR OF HIS OFFICE, THE ODOR OF THE CAT IS ALL AROUND HIM--AND THAT SCARES HIM (THIS MAN WHO NEVER KNOWS FEAR).

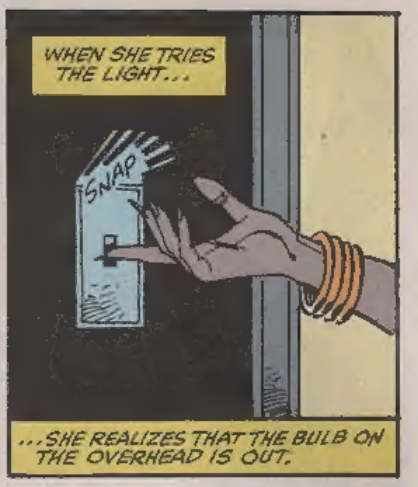
BUT WHAT SCARES HIM FAR **MORE** IS THE IMAGE GLIDING BEFORE HIS MIND'S EYE: THE IMAGE OF A **CROW**, EYES RED AS BLOOD, WHEELING THROUGH MISTS AS THICK AS FIREHEART'S FEAR AND CONFUSION.

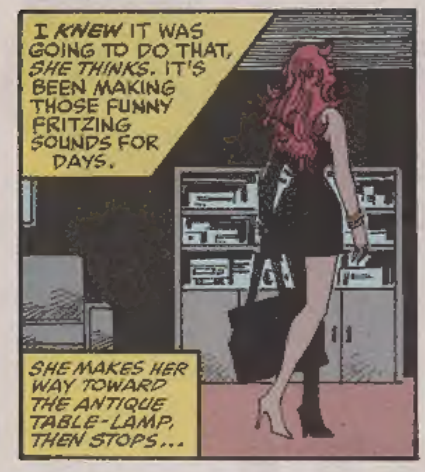
THEN THE IMAGE FADES--AND, WITH IT, **ALL MEMORY** OF THE CROW.

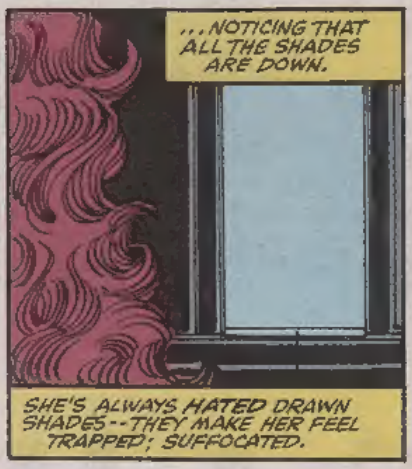
ACHING, EXHAUSTED--FIREHEART SLIPS DOWN INTO SLEEP. SINKS DEEP...

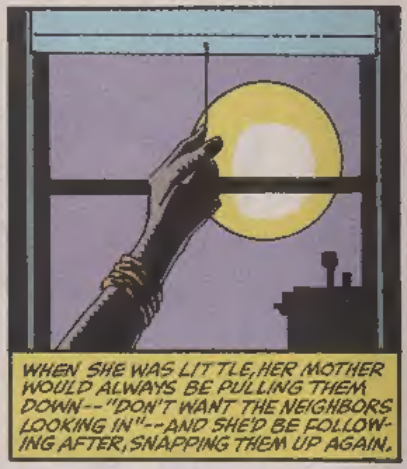

...INTO THE MYSTERY
KLIK

SHE ENTERS AN APARTMENT AS SILENT AND EMPTY AS A TOMB, NOT QUITE THE GREETING SHE'D HOPED FOR.

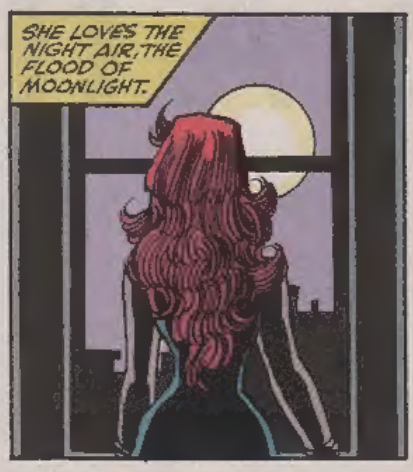

WHEN SHE TRIES THE LIGHT...
SNAP
...SHE REALIZES THAT THE BULB ON THE OVERHEAD IS OUT.

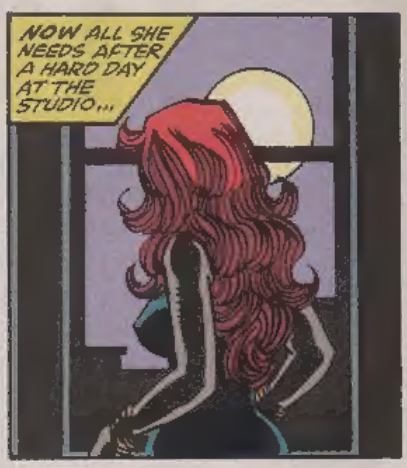

I KNEW IT WAS GOING TO DO THAT, SHE THINKS. IT'S BEEN MAKING THOSE FUNNY FRITZING SOUNDS FOR DAYS.
SHE MAKES HER WAY TOWARD THE ANTIQUE TABLE-LAMP, THEN STOPS...


...NOTICING THAT ALL THE SHADES ARE DOWN.
SHE'S ALWAYS HATED DRAWN SHADES--THEY MAKE HER FEEL TRAPPED; SUFFOCATED.


WHEN SHE WAS LITTLE, HER MOTHER WOULD ALWAYS BE PULLING THEM DOWN--"DON'T WANT THE NEIGHBORS LOOKING IN"--AND SHE'D BE FOLLOWING AFTER, SNAPPING THEM UP AGAIN.

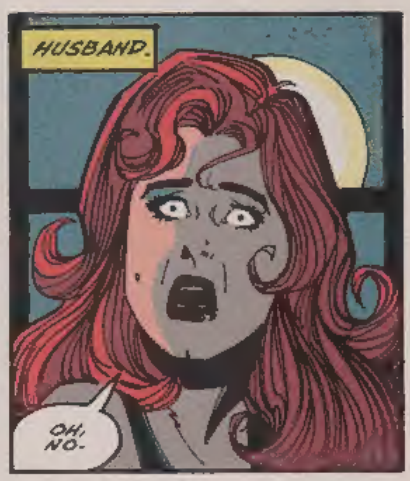
NO CRYPT-LIFE FOR MARY JANE WATSON-PARKER.

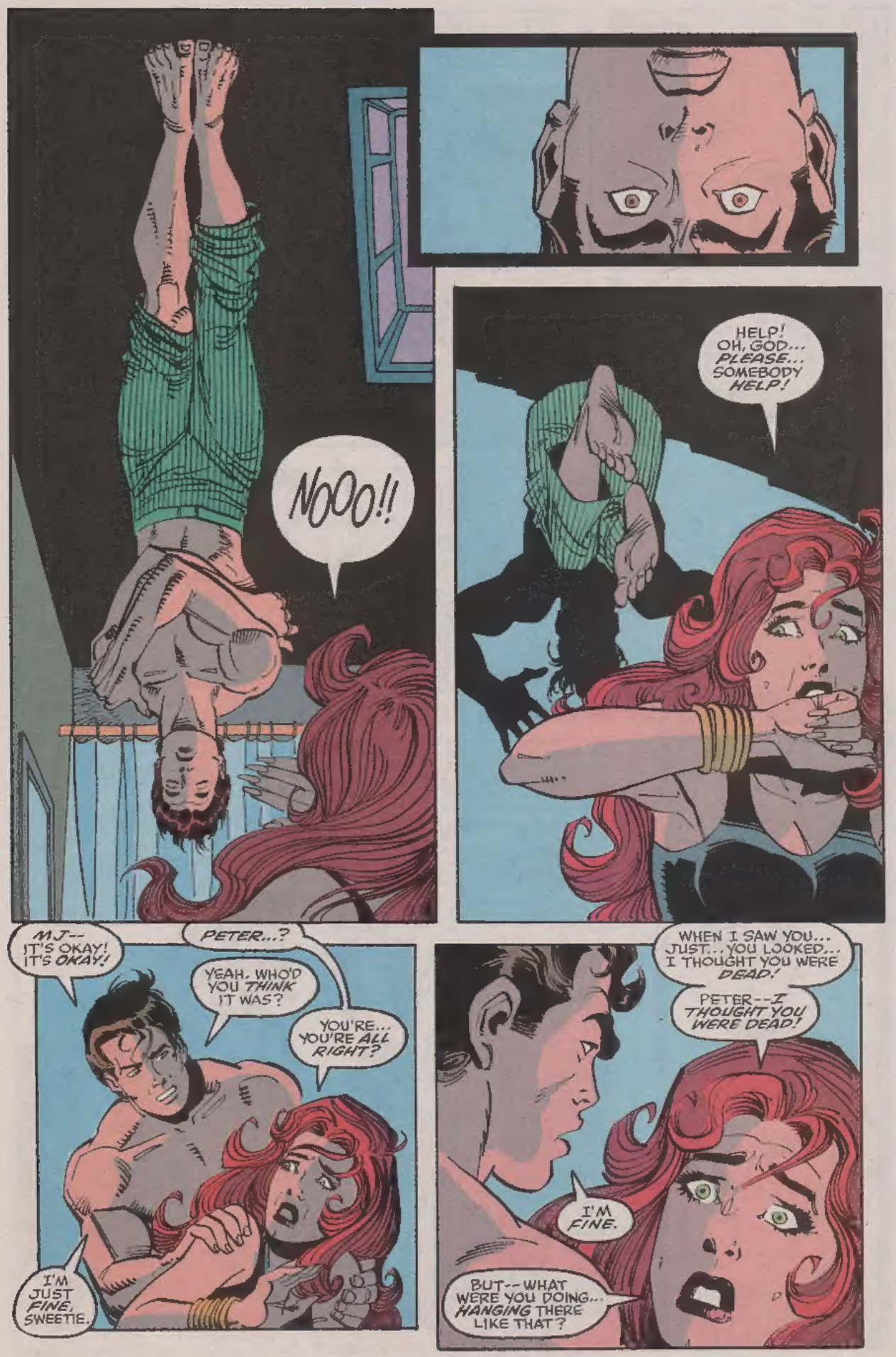

SHE LOVES THE NIGHT AIR, THE FLOOD OF MOONLIGHT.

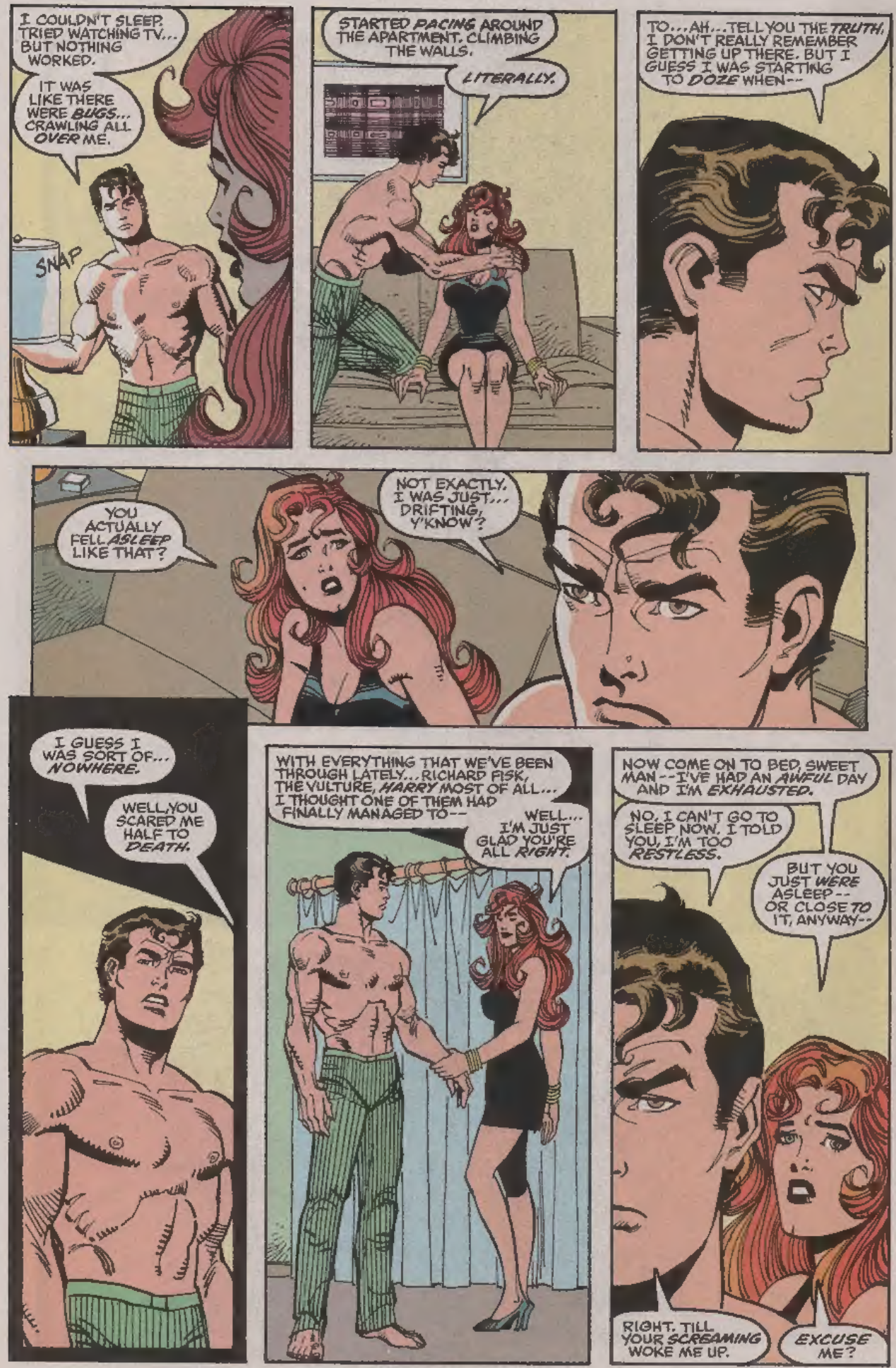

NOW ALL SHE NEEDS AFTER A HARD DAY AT THE STUDIO...

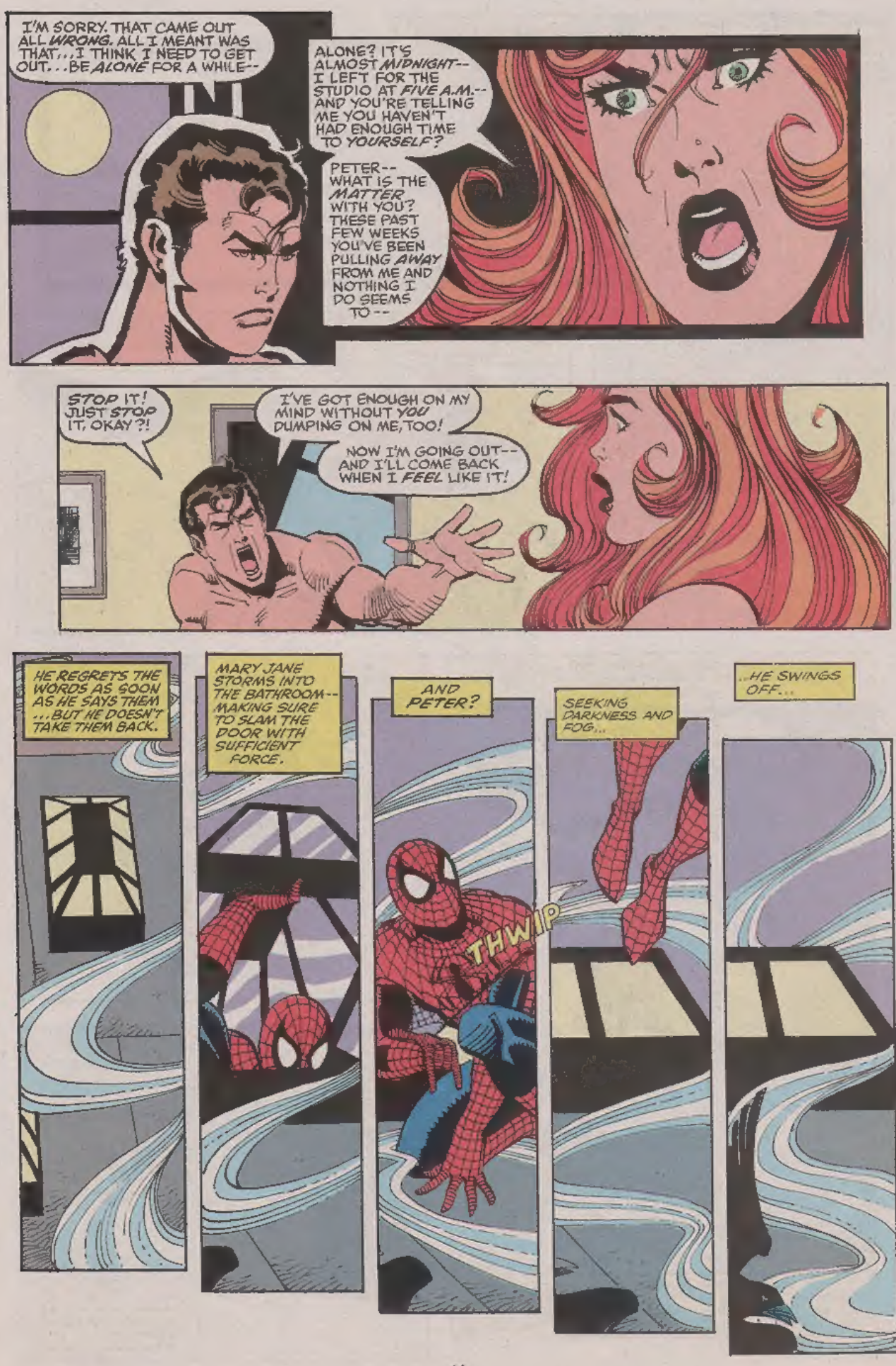
IS

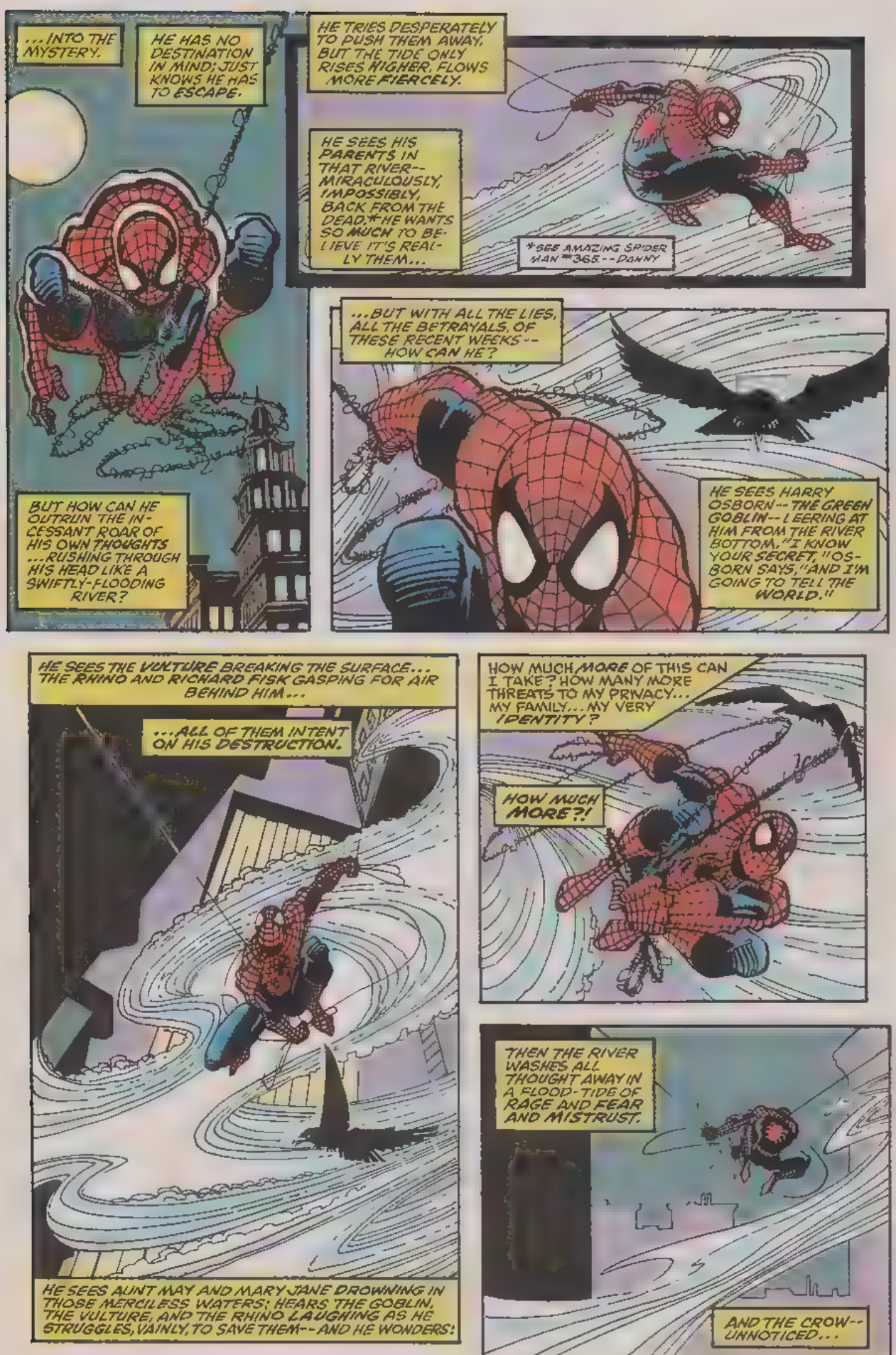
HER


HUSBAND.
OH, NO.


NOOO!!
HELP! OH, GOD... PLEASE... SOMEBODY HELP!
MJ-- IT'S OKAY! IT'S OKAY!
PETER...?
YEAH. WHO'D YOU THINK IT WAS?
YOU'RE... YOU'RE ALL RIGHT?
I'M JUST FINE, SWEETIE.
WHEN I SAW YOU... JUST... YOU LOOKED... I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!
PETER--I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!
I'M FINE.
BUT--WHAT WERE YOU DOING... HANGING THERE LIKE THAT?

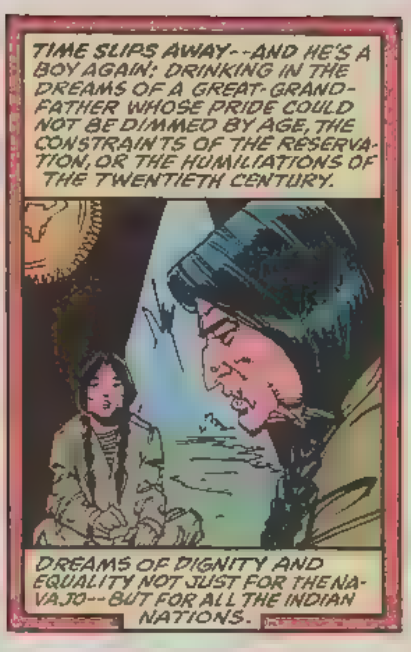

I COULDN'T SLEEP. TRIED WATCHING TV... BUT NOTHING WORKED.
IT WAS LIKE THERE WERE BUGS... CRAWLING ALL OVER ME.
SNAP
STARTED PACING AROUND THE APARTMENT. CLIMBING THE WALLS.
LITERALLY.
TO...AH...TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I DON'T REALLY REMEMBER GETTING UP THERE. BUT I GUESS I WAS STARTING TO DOZE WHEN--
YOU ACTUALLY FELL ASLEEP LIKE THAT?
NOT EXACTLY. I WAS JUST... DRIFTING, Y'KNOW?
I GUESS I WAS SORT OF... NOWHERE.
WELL, YOU SCARED ME HALF TO DEATH.
WITH EVERYTHING THAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH LATELY... RICHARD FISK, THE VULTURE, HARRY MOST OF ALL... I THOUGHT ONE OF THEM HAD FINALLY MANAGED TO--
WELL... I'M JUST GLAD YOU'RE ALL RIGHT.
NOW COME ON TO BED, SWEET MAN--I'VE HAD AN AWFUL DAY AND I'M EXHAUSTED.
NO, I CAN'T GO TO SLEEP NOW. I TOLD YOU, I'M TOO RESTLESS.
BUT YOU JUST WERE ASLEEP-- OR CLOSE TO IT, ANYWAY--
RIGHT. TILL YOUR SCREAMING WOKE ME UP.
EXCUSE ME?

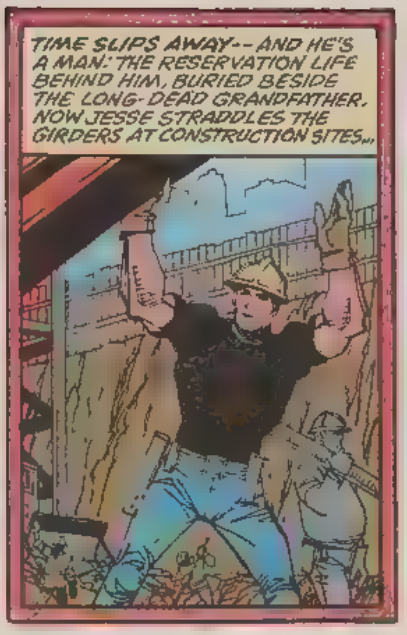

I'M SORRY. THAT CAME OUT ALL *WRONG*. ALL I MEANT WAS THAT...I THINK I NEED TO GET OUT...BE *ALONE* FOR A WHILE--
ALONE? IT'S ALMOST *MIDNIGHT*-- I LEFT FOR THE STUDIO AT *FIVE A.M.*-- AND YOU'RE TELLING ME YOU HAVEN'T HAD ENOUGH TIME TO *YOURSELF*?
PETER-- WHAT IS THE *MATTER* WITH YOU? THESE PAST FEW WEEKS YOU'VE BEEN PULLING *AWAY* FROM ME AND NOTHING I DO SEEMS TO --
STOP IT! JUST *STOP* IT, OKAY?!
I'VE GOT ENOUGH ON MY MIND WITHOUT *YOU* DUMPING ON ME, TOO!
NOW I'M GOING OUT-- AND I'LL COME BACK WHEN I *FEEL* LIKE IT!
HE REGRETS THE WORDS AS SOON AS HE SAYS THEM ...BUT HE DOESN'T TAKE THEM BACK.
MARY JANE STORMS INTO THE BATHROOM-- MAKING SURE TO SLAM THE DOOR WITH SUFFICIENT FORCE.
AND PETER?
THWIP
SEEKING DARKNESS AND FOG...
..HE SWINGS OFF...


...INTO THE MYSTERY.
HE HAS NO DESTINATION IN MIND; JUST KNOWS HE HAS TO ESCAPE.
BUT HOW CAN HE OUTRUN THE INCESSANT ROAR OF HIS OWN THOUGHTS ...RUSHING THROUGH HIS HEAD LIKE A SWIFTLY-FLOODING RIVER?
HE TRIES DESPERATELY TO PUSH THEM AWAY, BUT THE TIDE ONLY RISES HIGHER, FLOWS MORE FIERCELY.
HE SEES HIS PARENTS IN THAT RIVER--MIRACULOUSLY, IMPOSSIBLY, BACK FROM THE DEAD,* HE WANTS SO MUCH TO BELIEVE IT'S REALLY THEM...
*SEE AMAZING SPIDER MAN #365--DANNY
...BUT WITH ALL THE LIES, ALL THE BETRAYALS, OF THESE RECENT WEEKS--HOW CAN HE?
HE SEES HARRY OSBORN--THE GREEN GOBLIN--LEERING AT HIM FROM THE RIVER BOTTOM. "I KNOW YOUR SECRET," OSBORN SAYS, "AND I'M GOING TO TELL THE WORLD."
HE SEES THE VULTURE BREAKING THE SURFACE... THE RHINO AND RICHARD FISK GASPING FOR AIR BEHIND HIM...
...ALL OF THEM INTENT ON HIS DESTRUCTION.
HE SEES AUNT MAY AND MARY JANE DROWNING IN THOSE MERCILESS WATERS; HEARS THE GOBLIN, THE VULTURE, AND THE RHINO LAUGHING AS HE STRUGGLES, VAINLY, TO SAVE THEM--AND HE WONDERS:
HOW MUCH MORE OF THIS CAN I TAKE? HOW MANY MORE THREATS TO MY PRIVACY... MY FAMILY... MY VERY IDENTITY?
HOW MUCH MORE?!
THEN THE RIVER WASHES ALL THOUGHT AWAY IN A FLOOD-TIDE OF RAGE AND FEAR AND MISTRUST.
AND THE CROW--UNNOTICED...

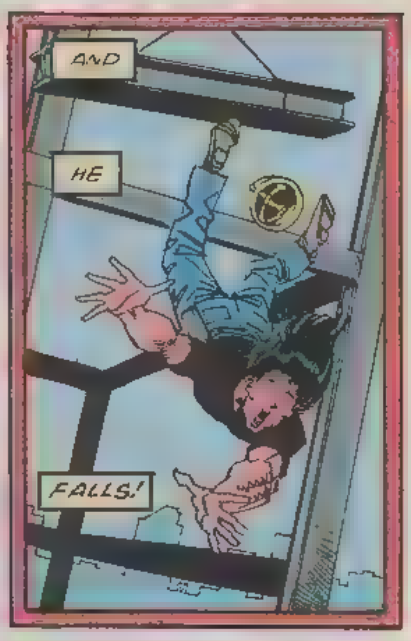
...FLIES ON.

JESSE BLACK CROW AWAKENS HUNGRY AND AFRAID. THESE BLACK-OUTS HAVE COME AND GONE FOR YEARS NOW...AS HAVE THE VISIONS AND THE PAIN...
...AND THE SHADOW OF THE BLACK BIRD THAT GLIDES THROUGH HIS DREAMS.
BUT THE YEARS HAVE NOT BROUGHT HIM ANY CLOSER TO UNDER-STANDING, OR PEACE.

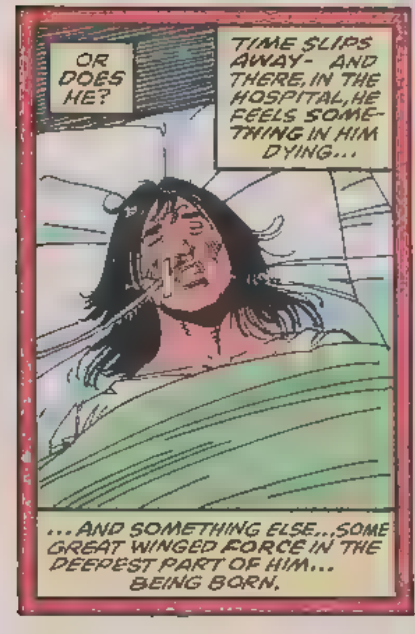

TIME SLIPS AWAY--AND HE'S A BOY AGAIN: DRINKING IN THE DREAMS OF A GREAT-GRAND-FATHER WHOSE PRIDE COULD NOT BE DIMMED BY AGE, THE CONSTRAINTS OF THE RESERVA-TION, OR THE HUMILIATIONS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.
DREAMS OF DIGNITY AND EQUALITY NOT JUST FOR THE NA-VAJO--BUT FOR ALL THE INDIAN NATIONS.


TIME SLIPS AWAY--AND HE'S A MAN: THE RESERVATION LIFE BEHIND HIM, BURIED BESIDE THE LONG-DEAD GRANDFATHER. NOW JESSE STRADDLES THE GIRDERS AT CONSTRUCTION SITES...

...HELPS BUILD TOWERING MONU-MENTS TO THE WHITE WORLD THAT OVERTHREW HIS OWN.
TIME SLIPS AWAY...

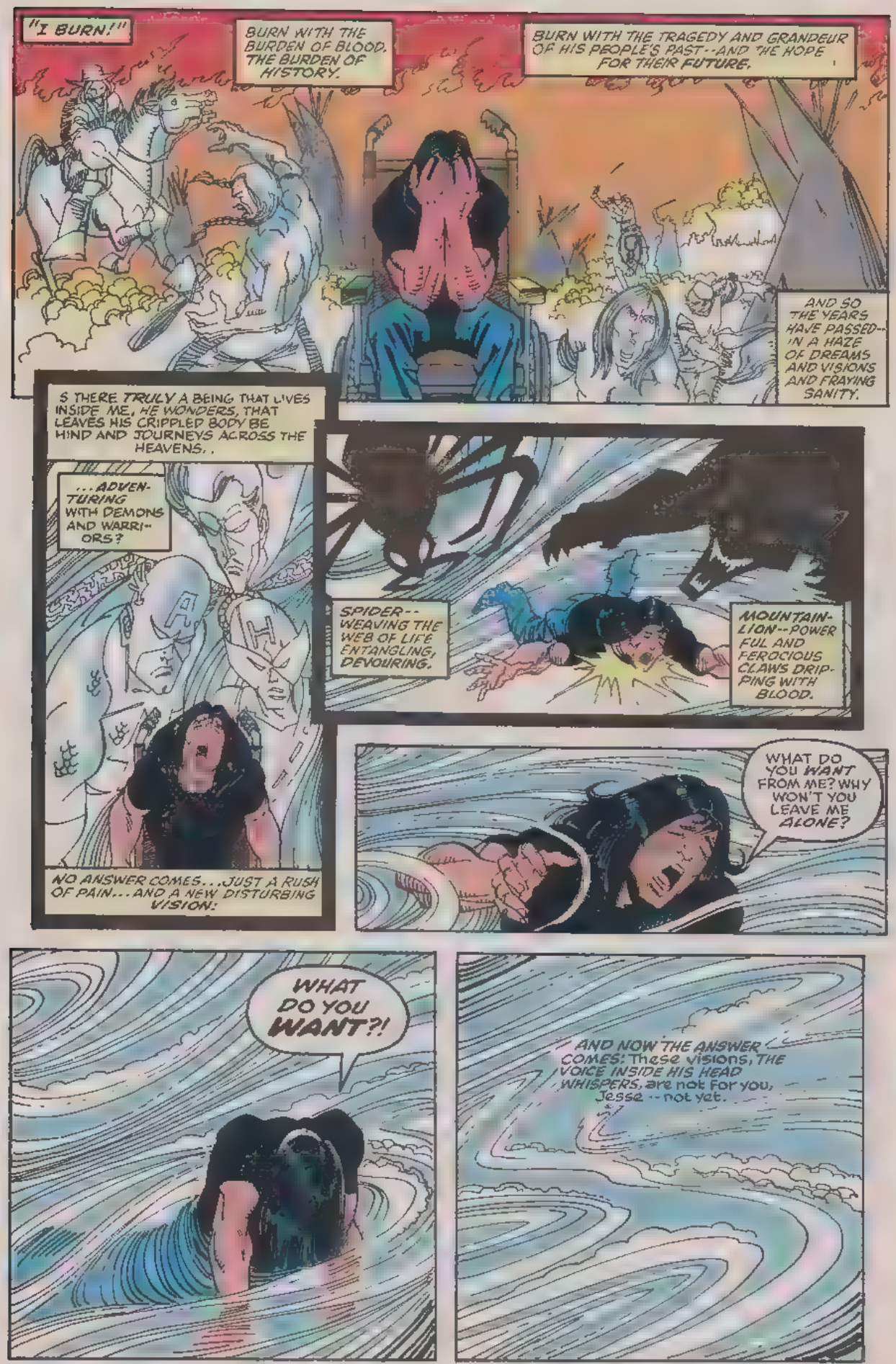

AND
HE
FALLS!

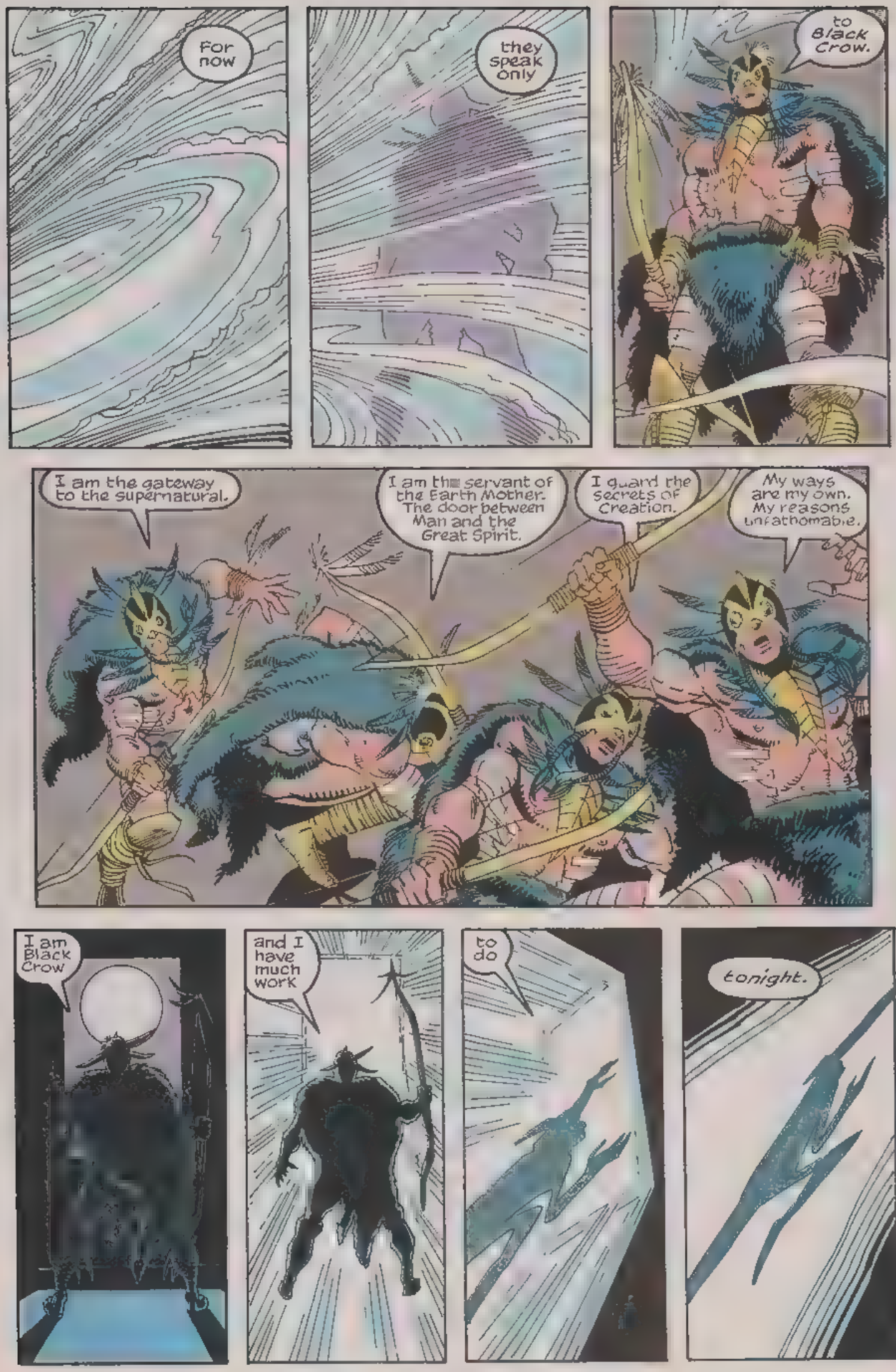
TWENTY STORIES. BODY CRUSHED AND BROKEN. SPLAYED THERE ON THE PAVEMENT--CRIPPLED, BLEEDING, IN AGONY--BEGGING FOR RELEASE.
BUT HE DOESN'T DIE.

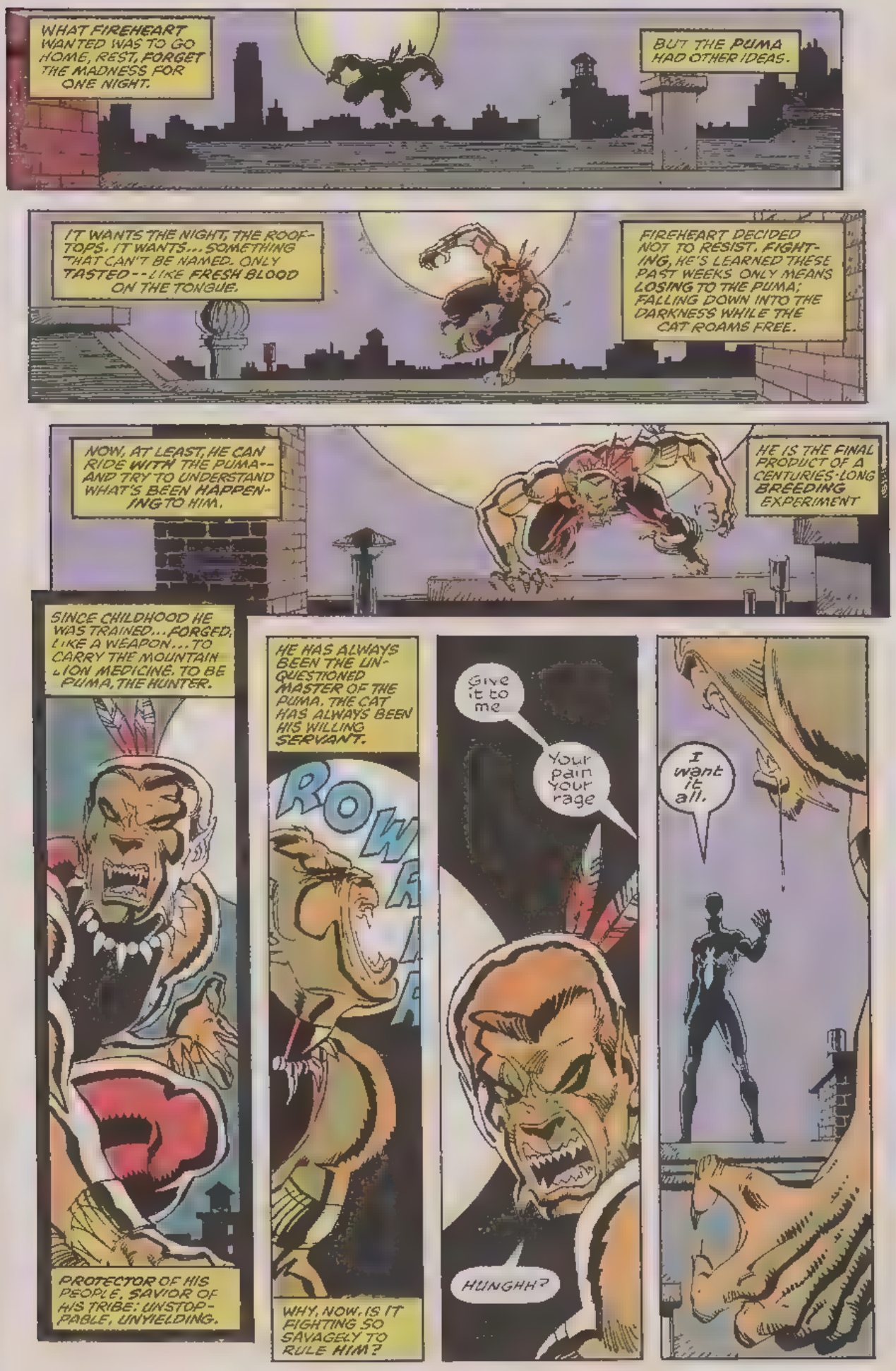

OR DOES HE?
TIME SLIPS AWAY- AND THERE, IN THE HOSPITAL, HE FEELS SOME-THING IN HIM DYING...
...AND SOMETHING ELSE...SOME GREAT WINGED FORCE IN THE DEEPEST PART OF HIM... BEING BORN.

THEY TELL HIM IT'S THE FEVER, THE SHOCK OF LOSING THE USE OF HIS LEGS, BUT HE CURSES THEM AS FOOLS!

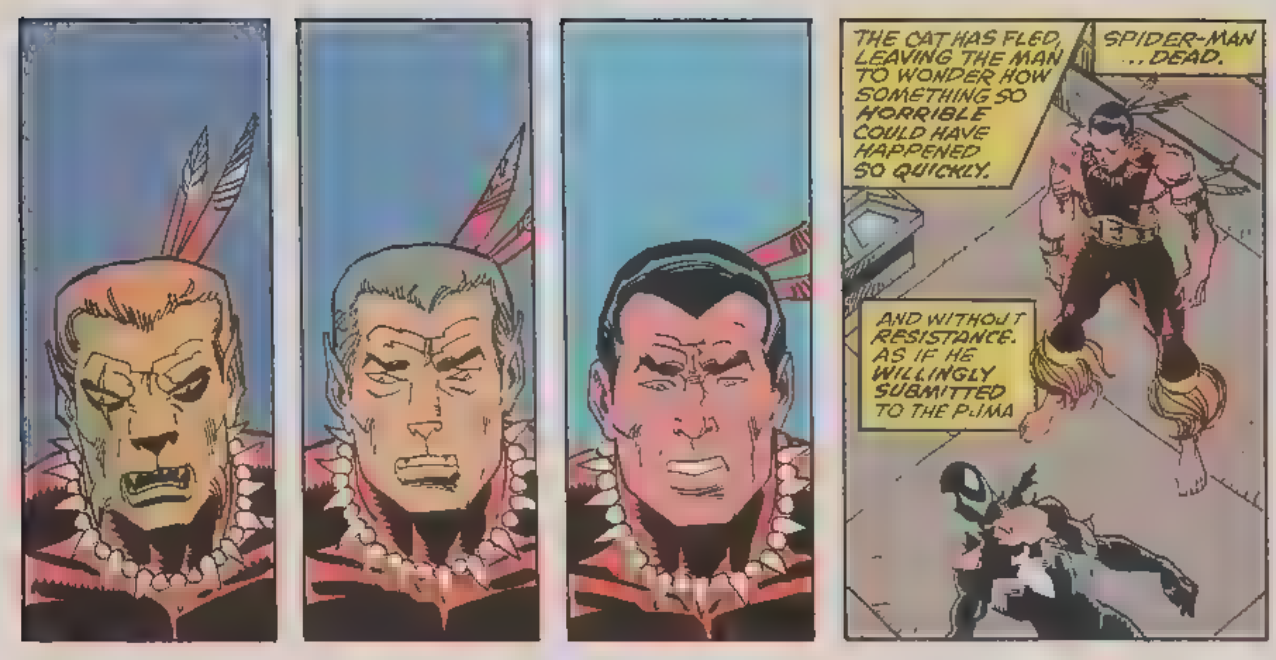
"I FLY!" HE TELLS THEM. "HIGH ABOVE THE WORLD! I COMMUNE WITH THE GREAT SPIRITS!"

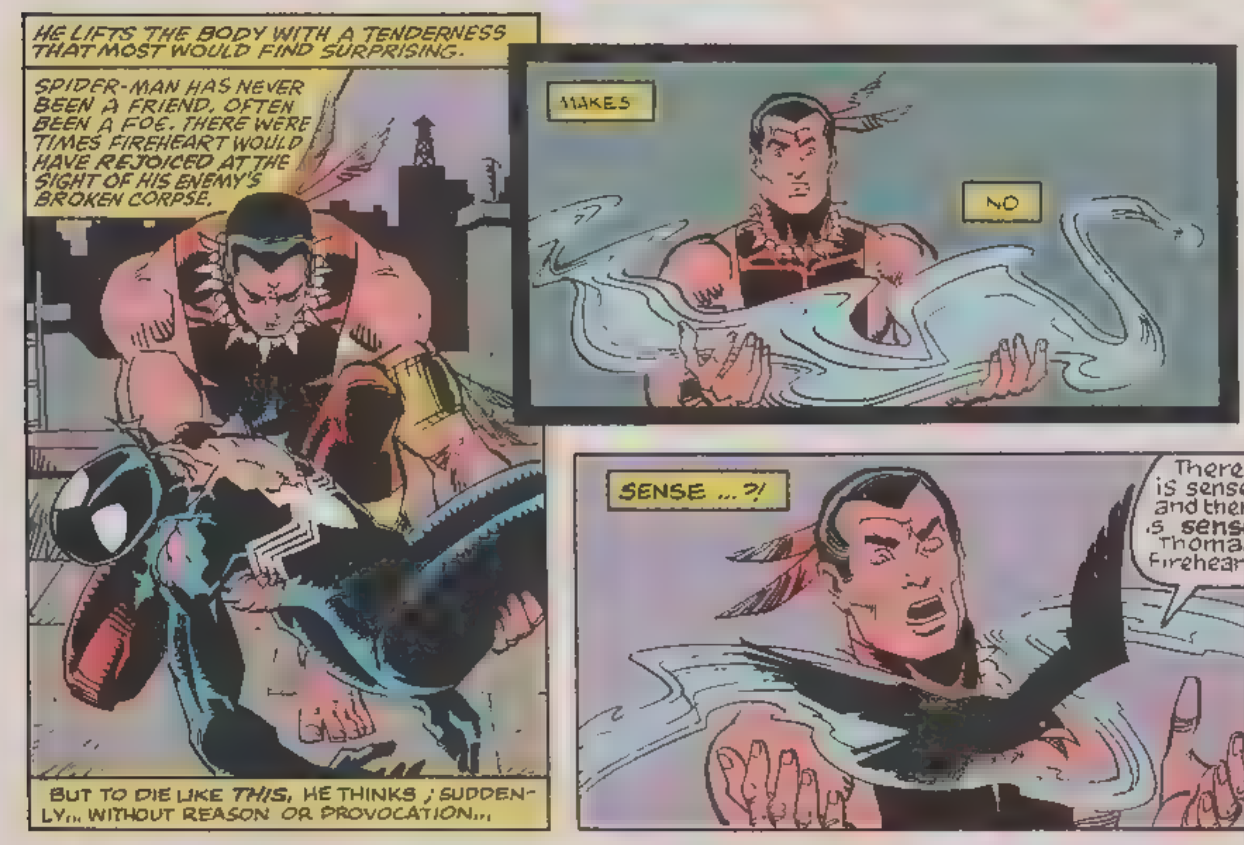

"I BURN!"
BURN WITH THE BURDEN OF BLOOD. THE BURDEN OF HISTORY.
BURN WITH THE TRAGEDY AND GRANDEUR OF HIS PEOPLE'S PAST--AND THE HOPE FOR THEIR FUTURE.
AND SO THE YEARS HAVE PASSED--IN A HAZE OF DREAMS AND VISIONS AND FRAYING SANITY.
S THERE TRULY A BEING THAT LIVES INSIDE ME, HE WONDERS, THAT LEAVES HIS CRIPPLED BODY BEHIND AND JOURNEYS ACROSS THE HEAVENS. .
...ADVENTURING WITH DEMONS AND WARRIORS?
NO ANSWER COMES...JUST A RUSH OF PAIN...AND A NEW DISTURBING VISION:
SPIDER--WEAVING THE WEB OF LIFE ENTANGLING, DEVOURING.
MOUNTAIN-LION--POWERFUL AND FEROCIOUS CLAWS DRIPPING WITH BLOOD.
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME? WHY WON'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?!
AND NOW THE ANSWER COMES: These visions, THE VOICE INSIDE HIS HEAD WHISPERS, are not for you, Jesse -- not yet.


For now
they speak only
to Black Crow.
I am the gateway to the supernatural.
I am the servant of the Earth Mother. The door between Man and the Great Spirit.
I guard the secrets of Creation.
My ways are my own. My reasons unfathomable.
I am Black Crow
and I have much work
to do
tonight.

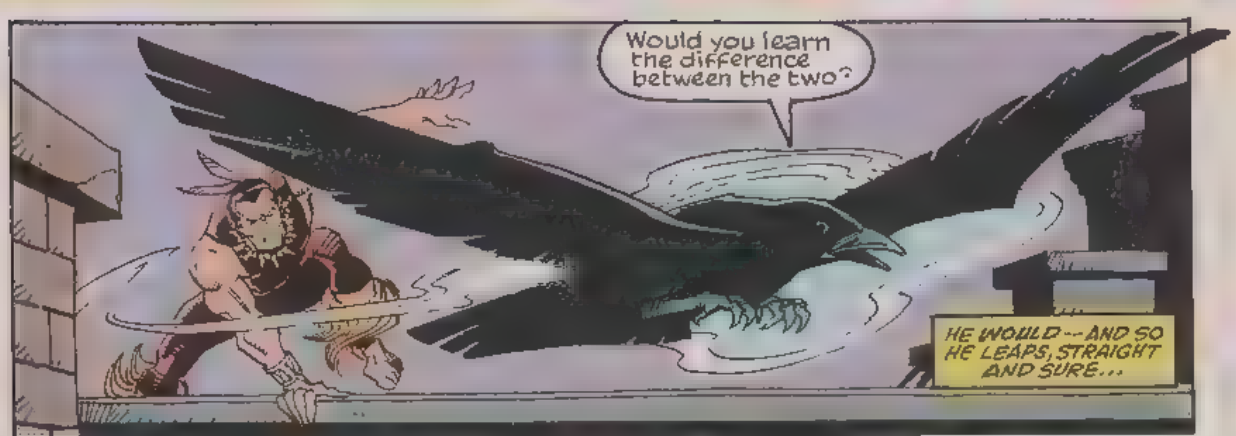

WHAT FIREHEART WANTED WAS TO GO HOME, REST, FORGET THE MADNESS FOR ONE NIGHT.
BUT THE PUMA HAD OTHER IDEAS.
IT WANTS THE NIGHT, THE ROOFTOPS. IT WANTS... SOMETHING THAT CAN'T BE NAMED. ONLY TASTED--LIKE FRESH BLOOD ON THE TONGUE.
FIREHEART DECIDED NOT TO RESIST. FIGHTING, HE'S LEARNED THESE PAST WEEKS ONLY MEANS LOSING TO THE PUMA; FALLING DOWN INTO THE DARKNESS WHILE THE CAT ROAMS FREE.
NOW, AT LEAST, HE CAN RIDE WITH THE PUMA--AND TRY TO UNDERSTAND WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING TO HIM.
HE IS THE FINAL PRODUCT OF A CENTURIES-LONG BREEDING EXPERIMENT
SINCE CHILDHOOD HE WAS TRAINED... FORGED, LIKE A WEAPON... TO CARRY THE MOUNTAIN LION MEDICINE, TO BE PUMA, THE HUNTER.
PROTECTOR OF HIS PEOPLE, SAVIOR OF HIS TRIBE: UNSTOPPABLE, UNYIELDING.
HE HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE UNQUESTIONED MASTER OF THE PUMA. THE CAT HAS ALWAYS BEEN HIS WILLING SERVANT.
ROWR
WHY, NOW, IS IT FIGHTING SO SAVAGELY TO RULE HIM?
Give it to me
Your pain Your rage
HUNGHH?
I want it all.

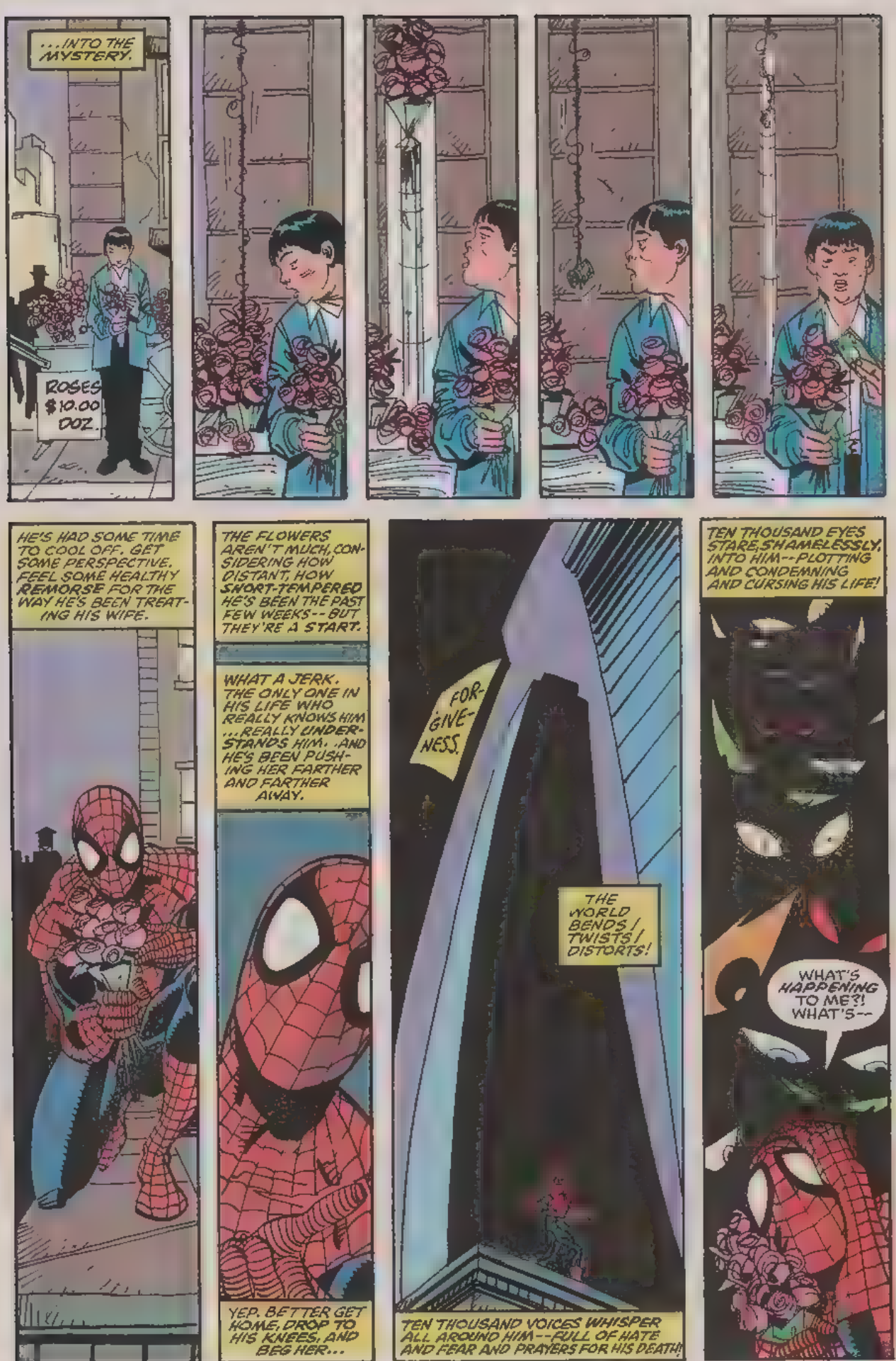
FROM THE HEART OF THE BEAST, FIREHEART SCREAMS, "NO!"
RARRRR
GAAARRG
SHRAKKK
GRRRRR
R-R-R!!!P
SKAAAAK
PUMA DOESN'T LISTEN.


THE CAT HAS FLED, LEAVING THE MAN TO WONDER HOW SOMETHING SO HORRIBLE COULD HAVE HAPPENED SO QUICKLY.
SPIDER-MAN .. DEAD.
AND WITHOUT RESISTANCE. AS IF HE WILLINGLY SUBMITTED TO THE PUMA


HE LIFTS THE BODY WITH A TENDERNESS THAT MOST WOULD FIND SURPRISING.
SPIDER-MAN HAS NEVER BEEN A FRIEND, OFTEN BEEN A FOE. THERE WERE TIMES FIREHEART WOULD HAVE REJOICED AT THE SIGHT OF HIS ENEMY'S BROKEN CORPSE.
MAKES
NO
BUT TO DIE LIKE THIS, HE THINKS; SUDDENLY... WITHOUT REASON OR PROVOCATION...

SENSE ...?!
There is sense and there is sense, Thomas Fireheart.


Would you learn the difference between the two?
HE WOULD -- AND SO HE LEAPS, STRAIGHT AND SURE...


...INTO THE MYSTERY.
ROSES $10.00 DOZ.
HE'S HAD SOME TIME TO COOL OFF. GET SOME PERSPECTIVE. FEEL SOME HEALTHY REMORSE FOR THE WAY HE'S BEEN TREATING HIS WIFE.
THE FLOWERS AREN'T MUCH, CONSIDERING HOW DISTANT, HOW SHORT-TEMPERED HE'S BEEN THE PAST FEW WEEKS -- BUT THEY'RE A START.
WHAT A JERK. THE ONLY ONE IN HIS LIFE WHO REALLY KNOWS HIM ...REALLY UNDERSTANDS HIM. .AND HE'S BEEN PUSHING HER FARTHER AND FARTHER AWAY.
YEP. BETTER GET HOME, DROP TO HIS KNEES, AND BEG HER...
FOR-GIVE-NESS.
THE WORLD BENDS / TWISTS / DISTORTS!
TEN THOUSAND VOICES WHISPER ALL AROUND HIM -- FULL OF HATE AND FEAR AND PRAYERS FOR HIS DEATH!
TEN THOUSAND EYES STARE, SHAMELESSLY, INTO HIM -- PLOTTING AND CONDEMNING AND CURSING HIS LIFE!
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?! WHAT'S--

ROWWRRR
SHA
KRAK
YOU?!
ARE YOU DOING THIS?!
Come to me, Spider-Man-- and learn the truth.
If you have the courage to make the leap
VOICES. EYES. HATING. FEARING. PLOTTING. CURSING.
PUMA!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS--BUT YOU PICKED THE WRONG TIME TO--
PUMA...?
HaHaHaHa HaHaHa

BULLPEN BULLETINS

STAN'S SOAPBOX

Hi, Heroes!

There I was, thirty-three thousand feet above the Earth, jetting back to Los Angeles after a recent trip to the Big Apple where I'd been visiting Marvel's peerless prez, Merry Terry Stewart, and his comic book commandos.

Thumbing through a newspaper as the plane zoomed along, I couldn't help but notice how depressing many of the items were. There was column after column of crime, violence, racism and despair. The more I read, the more my thoughts kept drifting back to the Marvel bullpen. Then, something occurred to me which I'd like to share with you.

In many ways the gang at Marvel is not unlike the United Nations. We have artists, writers, editors and production people, as well as a bright staff of managers who handle our countless business and legal matters. And, like the U.N., all of these dedicated, hard-working Marvelites, men and women alike, represent just about every color, race and creed.

Now here's the point, which I can't seem to get out of my mind. If Marvel's little legion of diverse individuals can work together in harmony and friendship the way they do, respecting each other's rights, cooperating and helping one another as they work towards a common goal, then why can't the nations of the world do the same thing? Why can't the inhabitants of our cities and towns behave towards each other in the same way? Why can't people everywhere adopt a philosophy similar to that of our own Silver Surfer, a philosophy that says: We're all members of one great human family, sharing an all-too-brief sojourn on an enchanted planet; therefore, we should celebrate the gift of life by making every golden minute as joyful for each other as we possibly can.

It's a simple enough credo, and perhaps if more of us would adhere to it, the day will come when reading the news won't be such a grim and somber experience. And wouldn't it be nice to think that a comic book company helped to show the way?

Excelsior!

Stan

Stan Lee

Where were you in June '62?

No, we're not advertising an old George Lucas movie — we're celebrating the 30th anniversary of the **Amazing Spider-Man!** We thought it would be a lark, a hoot, a kick, if you will, to approach the great Spider-Man *writers* and *artists* from over the years and ask them what they were doing back when Spidey was first hatched out of the fertile brains of **Stan Lee** and **Steve Ditko.** Here's what they had to say.

John Romita, penciler: I was over at DC doing romance books. I was unaware of Spider-Man and the Fantastic Four. I had no idea that a phenomenon was occurring.

Ross Andru, penciler: I can't remember that far back. It's all a blur. It's like looking out the window of a fast train. I do know that whatever I was doing then, I must have been happy.

Erik Larsen, writer-artist: I was waiting to be born.

John Romita, Jr., penciler: I was five years old. I remember beginning to doodle because I saw my father drawing. I remember playing a lot of stickball. I heard my first Beatles song, and I lost my dog Poochie.

Sal Buscema, artist: I was in New York, living in Queens, with my wife of about a little over a year. I was working for an advertising art studio by the name of Alexander Chaite Studios Inc.

Mark Bagley, penciler: I was five years old. I was an army brat. I picked up on comics when I was eight or nine years old. Gil Kane's SPIDER-MAN stuff always appealed to me — it was a major influence on me.

Ron Frenz, penciler: I was doing whatever two-year olds do. Probably already drawing.

Peter David, writer: I was in kindergarten. My parents wouldn't let me buy Marvel Comics because they said the characters were too ugly. I didn't read my first Marvels until several years later, when I was able to a) earn my own money, and b) hide my comic books.

Keith Pollard, penciler: I was twelve years old. I was a comic book fan. I was probably in middle school. I was heavily into Superman and Batman. One of my best friends introduced me to Spider-Man. I think the first one I saw was the fourth issue, with Doc Ock.

David Michelinie, writer: I was 14 years old. That was the summer I gave up comic books. I was going to be a freshman in high school, and I felt that was too old to reading comics. I gave away my collection of 500 comics, which today would probably pay the national debt.

Alex Saviuk, penciler: I was nine years old. I was an avid comic book reader at that time. I didn't hear about Spider-Man until the end of that summer. I went to the store to look for the latest *Superman* and *Batman* comics, but there were no new DCs that week. I had 25 or 30 extra cents, and a friend convinced me to buy FANTASTIC FOUR #18 and SPIDER-MAN #5.

J.M. DeMatteis, writer: I was eight and a half years old, living in an apartment in Brooklyn, either reading comics or running around in the street with my friends. I was a die-hard DC fan, so I was probably reading *Justice League* or *Green Lantern* at the time. I didn't discover Marvel until later. I was a slow learner!

Marv Wolfman, writer: I was in the High School of Art and Design in Manhattan. I was trying to become a cartoonist. I was a regular reader of AMAZING ADULT FANTASY. I read all the issues. When #15 came out, it was a shock. I was very disappointed because I liked the "O' Henry/Twilight Zone" type of stories that Stan and Steve were doing. I didn't want to see yet another super hero. But I read it, and I really liked it.

Len Wein, writer: I was a big comics fan. I was in junior high. I picked up any issue of AMAZING ADULT FANTASY. I picked up the first Spider-Man. I had a complete set of Silver Age Marvels. I almost did not buy FF #1. I used to stand in the store and stare at that logo — I thought it was a funny animal comic!

Jim Mooney, inker: I had a studio in Hollywood, California. I was working at DC, doing *Supergirl,* and any other comics they asked me to do. About a year later, somebody showed me Ditko's SPIDER-MAN, and I was jealous!

Danny Fingeroth, editor: I was a camper at Camp Winadu. I had the biggest comic book collection there!

Tom DeFalco, writer/editor: I was twelve years old, and already a died-in-the-wool Marvel fan. I bought AMAZING FANTASY #15 when it first came out. I had been a Marvel fan since FF #3. At that time, my greatest considerations were lunch, comics, and summer vacations.

Mike Esposito, inker: I remember I was definitely aware of Spider-Man when the character came out. Back in '62, my daughter was reading an issue of SPIDER-MAN, and I asked her what it was. I had never heard of it. I glanced at it, and I thought it was so different from anything we were doing over at DC. My daughter said she liked Spider-Man because he had problems with his girlfriend and school — she could identify with it. And I thought, "My God — (Stan) Lee's got a winner!"

Not to end this reminiscence session on a crassly commercial note, but you may want to know that this month marks the debut of a special 30th anniversary Spidey t-shirt, featuring great artwork from the past 3 decades. Also available this month is a new SPIDER-MAN trading card set, featuring some of Spidey's greatest moments over the past three decades. We don't know about you, but our Spider-Collector's Sense is tingling like five-alarm chili!

THE LAST COOLOMETER

- CULOTTES
- ANNA MARIA COOL
- COOL HAND LUKE
- KOOL MOE DEE
- KUALA LAMPUR
- KOOL AID
- JOE COOL
- KOOL AND THE GANG
- LL COOL J
- HIGH'S COOL
- COOL WHIP
- CALVIN COOLIDGE
- COOLIE HIGH
- KULAN GATH
- WINE COOLERS
- COOLWORLD
- COOL McCOOL
- COOLOMETERS

The world laughs at you, Spider-Man. Whispers, watches--
--but, most of all laughs.
Ha Ha Ha
Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha
SHUT
KUDD!
UP!
Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha
VOICES! EYES!
HIS MOTHER AND HIS FATHER!
TOOOM!
THE GOBLIN!!
THE VULTURE!
KOO OM!
THE RHINO!
FISK!
AUNT MAY AND MARY JANE...
...DROWNING?
There is drowning and there is drowning, Spider-Man.
Would you learn the difference between the two?
AND HE, TOO, LEAPS, STRAIGHT AND SURE--

...INTO THE MYSTERY.
"EYE OF THE PUMA" II CONTINUES NEXT ISSUE!